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Congo News Letter

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NDOZI A VILLAGE OF DREAMS

Some thirty odd years ago I wrote a parable called "Ndozi A village of Dreams", for the News Letter, when it consisted of only a few mimeographed sheets. About a dozen years ago an editor of the News Letter, doubtless in search of grist for the mill, republished "Ndozi". I am wondering if it isn't about time for a third and last appearance of the parable in the Congo News Letter, if it can be dug once more from the files. I haven't a copy myself. With a few minor details, I think it still embodies my notion of what a semi-literate, semi-christian Congo village should have attained unto before this time had our village schools been adequately supervised and nurtured.

With the probable acceptance by our mission of government educational subsidies for native schools, I'd like to propose that for an experimental period of perhaps ten to fifteen years, we seek to develop our regional schools therewith, in the hope that they may act as magnets to draw the poor village schools up to an efficient standard. The regional schools would also furnish far better students for our station boarding schools. Within a reasonable time they should carry the educational curriculum up to junior high school level.

To do this effectively I believe the mission will need normal trained missionaries who have majored in third to sixth grade with practice teaching supervision. I believe these will need to be single women missionaries, for there will be much of drudgery and "sticktoitiveness" needed for such a project's eventual success. Four to six months intensive training in one of our Negro training schools where there is a good rural schools' department as at Tuskegee Insti-

tute should be arranged for by the Woman's Board. Visitation of selected country Negro schools of differing quality, under the guidance of a supervising, visiting teacher first be taken. Still under such guidance, two or three weeks at school after school, in close cooperation with the Negro rural teachers, should be mutually helpful. Study of the excellent rural agricultural projects, such as Tuskegee could offer, with farm project demonstration under able travelling demonstrators would add much to the value of experience gained in such a course. Simple needs of simple people, often not far beyond the Congolese folk and how to make them available should be a fascinating study for anyone who plans to develop our Congo rural regional schools. A week at Penn School where home making projects are helping to develop people would also be all to the good.

Once on the field language study would be the main business of the missionary's first year together with orientation to Congo missionary life. However, visitation of the regional schools of her station should be a part of this orientation. When ready to begin her task, I would suggest at least a month's residence at each regional school for which she assumed responsibility, and the responsibility should be hers for such schools. She would live most of the time on regional school compounds. On each compound there should be built a suitable house for her occupancy. Thus rotating between such schools, paying flying visits sometimes when at one, back to the one just left, just to see how things were really going, she would sustain the morale and standards and build up really "going concerns".

Now let us look at an acceptable rural school compound. It should be carefully chosen with missionary supervision; should be near a good water supply where bathing facilities are adequate; it should be near considerable good garden land for the children's garden projects. It should be sizable. Orange, grapefruit, avocado, mango and other trees should be planted thereon. Certainly "nsafu" trees should be in the boys' garden. A plan for location of buildings suitable to the land secured should be carefully thought out. I would

advocate separate school rooms rather than one building for all classes. One of these might be larger and serve for chapel and assembly hall. All should be well built and well maintained as indeed should all buildings on the school compound. They could be of bamboo construction or adobe with good durable grass thatched roofs. Eventually perhaps brick construction might be envisioned. Small houses to accomodate four, not more than six, children would be ideal. Latticed windows to be open without fear of thieves; simple furnishings; a table, chairs, beds, and some sort of locker for each occupant of the house would be minimum requirement. The matter of eating must be given careful consideration, whether it be by separate groups cooking their own food or having all food cooked and served in a common dining room. I would prefer the latter as I believe it would result in better eating habits, better cooking, and eliminate the temptation to skimp in order to save for other satisfactions. Whichever prevailed, eating at tables should be insisted upon for hygienic reasons. Supervision of feeding and eating will be essential. Two two-or three-room houses for two Kimpese trained monitors and their families built of the same materials as the children's houses, another smaller house, somewhat larger perhaps than the childrens' house, should be available for pupil teachers sent out for practice teaching from our boarding schools. A suitable house should be built for the use of the missionary of the same material as native houses. The school rooms should have desks, seats, teacher's table and chair and sufficient blackboards for efficient teaching needs. There should be adequate light so that eye strain is not too great. Reading and writing materials, a map of the Belgian Congo and a good picture or two on its walls should also be provided. At least four hours should be allotted to school room activities. Hours for garden work, sports, hand work projects should so far as weather allows be fixed and kept. An hour or more of evening activities should be planned such as an hour's story telling, dramatics, singing, games etc.

The children in these schools will be at the impressionable age and very careful preparation for their reli-

gious education should be provided. Here the missionary supervisor will be of the very greatest assistance to the monitors. Ethical ideals lived out in the daily activities of teachers and pupils will be imperative, if this religious instruction is to take deep rootage in the lives of the children. Faith without works is dead. Much more literature must be provided to meet the needs of regional schools as well as all our other schools. The union press we trust will soon be providing it.

Now just how much from possible government subsidies should be used in this experiment, the mission must decide. I would think that the monitors could be paid good wages therefrom and with a work program from 6 A.M. to 9 P.M they would earn a good salary. If their wives were efficient and able there should be girls as well as boys in these regional schools. They would need to be carefully chaperoned on the compound and in the gardens. Teachers' wives should have their own gardens adjacent to the girls' gardens, and the monitors likewise theirs which should be largely experimental and model gardens adjacent to the boys' garden plots. Teachers' wives responsible for girls could also be paid from subsidies. Possibly a part of the cost of buildings could also be charged to subsidies. I am sure it could once a school such as outlined above had been inspected. I think the villages which were sending their children to the school should do most of the building if possible. They should pay some tuition for their children's training. I would suggest that all graduates of our station boarding schools be asked to furnish the school furniture and equipment as their special project in bringing literacy to their people. Many are having large compensation for their work, almost all could contribute something toward this end. Whether the present plan of sending the children to their villages on Fridays and having them return Sunday evenings would be better than keeping them on the regional school compound four to eight weeks then giving them a week at home, would be a matter for consideration. Also there is the matter of school uniforms. Children like them. There are many matters for consideration with which this article

cannot deal. The supervising missionary whose project will be the bringing of our regional schools up to a high standard is its most important feature.

Well, I wonder if this is just another "Ndozi", a dream which could and perhaps won't come true. It could do so, I am certain, with the supervision and enthusiastic support of regional school missionary enthusiasts. Why not try it out with the help of government education subsidies?

CATHARINE L. MABIE

MEET THE DAWN

Nearly twenty years ago I was one of hundreds of thousands who lined Fifth Avenue for one of New York's greatest parades. It was June 1927, and people were thronging the city to honor Lindbergh who had flown the Atlantic and was returning to a hero's welcome. At that time I had not the remotest idea that Lindbergh was blazing a trail that thousands would follow, myself among the number. But we have reached the day when it is sound economy and efficient planning to travel by air and we were able to follow Lindbergh's trail swiftly and in comfort and security. We left New York on the first day of February 1946, and our passenger list of thirty-eight included business men, government officials and missionaries. It was a little after two o'clock in the afternoon when we took off and by evening we were coming down to Newfoundland. A wintry scene greeted us; snow, ice, and a biting wind. While we had some supper on land men were servicing the Pan American DC 4 so that we might continue in forty-five minutes. Soon we were aboard again, but it was discovered that the wintry weather had caused one of our brakes to freeze and it was three hours before it was thawed out and we could continue.

Shortly after midnight we took off in a blinding snow storm so that we wondered how the plane could fly, but in ten minutes or less we were thousands of feet aloft, the snow clouds were beneath us, and we were flying in a cloudless sky with all the stars of the heavens around us. A tail wind increased our cruising speed of 200 milles an

hour to 260, and all night we were winging our way across the Atlantic. We were flying east to meet the sun, and so dawn broke quickly and we scanned the ocean for signs of sea craft but saw none. Then Ireland hove in sight, and soon we were circling down to Shannon airport and stepped out to mild balmy air, a truly emerald isle washed with warm rains and presenting an appearance of quiet and contentment. For us it was early morning and we were served breakfast, but the clocks on the walls told us it was noon. We had caught up with the sun so fast that it was impossible to realize that half the daylight hours were already over for the Irish. Late that same afternoon we were circling another airport and landed at Lisbon in Portugal. We spent that night on shore, glad of the opportunity to sleep in bed instead of sitting up in the plane. There we met our colleagues the Smiths of Kikongo and Bobby Hall, aged four, whom they were taking to his parents at Kimpese. They had had the heartbreaking experience of having reached Portugal after a long and extremely rough trip by ship and then of waiting there week after long week for a boat for the Congo. Six weeks of waiting had been spent when we met them and they had one more before they were finally able to get away by air.

When we left Lisbon the following morning we added Bobby Hall to our party as place was found for him, so then we were five: Ethel and myself, our two boys Don and Douglas, and Bobby Hall. Douglas and Bobby are the same age and they had a grand time together. They dumped their toys on a double seat, knelt on the floor, and amused themselves for hours. We adults needed no such distractions. We were flying at ten thousand feet and doing better than 200 miles an hour, so that it was always interesting to look out of the window and before long the Sahara lay on our port side. There were a few minutes spent at Dakar, then on we went and about ten o' clock at night we landed at Robert's Field, an army air base near Monrovia, Liberia. At that hour of night we had dinner, then rested until one in the morning at which time we were offered breakfast

of pancakes and syrup and coffee. The hardiest among us ate, considering it wise to take food when it was available, but some were not ready for breakfast at that hour so soon after dinner.

Shortly before two o'clock in the morning we were off on the last lap of our flight, a ten hour hop direct to Leopoldville, most of it over the Atlantic Ocean across the great bight that lies between Liberia and the mouth of the Congo River. Up to this point everything had gone well, the flying had been smoother than train or boat, but now our outside port engine began to give trouble, it started and stopped, throwing us a bit off balance, and before long the pilot was heading back to Robert's Field. The ground crew had gone to bed after seeing us off, so the only landing lights we found were the small ones outlining the width of the air strip. The first time we tried coming down we overshot the field and had to zoom sharply up, and the next time we tried it we were too high and had to lose altitude by side slipping. But we came down all right, and were there for five whole days. The first spare part that was flown from Dakar did not fit, so there we waited while a spare harness for the bad motor was flown out all the way from New York.

Again we were off, and this time to the roughest part of the whole trip. There was thunder and lightning on every side of us, the plane was thrown around a bit, and once a strong updraft caught us and sent us aloft hundreds of feet in a few seconds. Every few minutes we were being signalled to attach our seat belts but at no time did it ever get rough enough to require a belt to hold us in our seats. As day dawned we came in sight of land, flew over Pointe Noire in French Equatorial Africa, a little later were excited to see the Congo River, and then finally we were making three wide circles over Leopoldville. We were home again.

It is good to be home again. We have lived in this land more years now than any other one place where we have resided. We rejoice to see the Belgian flag again calling to mind the friendly attitude of the government to

missions; we rejoice to see sunshine and palm trees and even to feel the heat which can sometimes be almost too much of a good thing; we rejoice above all to meet the people of this great land. Many of them have found Christ and love Him and with them we have a bond of fellowship that is strong and deep. Many others need Him and we count it a privilege to have some part with God in this labor of reconciling the world unto Himself. We rejoice to see the boys and girls of Congo who are the hope of tomorrow, who are enjoying today a life of freedom, well-being and opportunity in great contrast to times gone by.

A couple of weeks after we had been back in the country we met a business man from New York who had been a fellow passenger. He had had opportunity to see a wide area of this land and to observe what was going on, and he could not find words adequate to express his amazement of the Congo today. He said that he, like most Americans, had supposed this to be an impenetrable jungle or a howling wilderness and instead he found industry, order, law, progress. Missions have a right to claim a full share in the achievements of half a century during which time hundreds of thousands who were primitive and pagan have turned to the Lord, been created anew, and are living ordered lives through the inner compulsion of His Spirit. But the goal is not yet reached and the race is not yet run. Today is a time of tremendous and vital opportunity. Africa is stirring at the breaking of a new day. She is becoming conscious of her strength and resources, and hope, like the sun, rises to bring light and life after darkness. We must meet the dawn. If we are ready now to give our strength, our time, our money and our manhood in Christ's service it is possible within our time to make what was once known as the Dark Continent one of the foremost Christian lands.

H.D. BROWN

WHAT IS A CHURCH?

The staff, students and workmen of E. P. I. have been occupying themselves with this question during the school year. There is little question but that the exercise has been profitable to all.

Missionaries are quite capable of forgetting to dust off some aspects of church life. Students can labor under false conceptions. Workmen have been known to contribute some sound remarks.

The result is that on Sunday March 10, 1946, a church was established at E.P.I on lines agreed to by all as a minimum. Organization and rules are left free to develop as conceptions clarify or the situation changes.

Following an early worship service in the church, at a session presided over by the chosen white pastor, Mr. Erickson, and his native assistant, Jacques Bahelele, Ingrid Stenstrom was received into the church, she having been baptized in South Africa. A workman was restored to church fellowship. Eleven were accepted for baptism.

A procession was formed by the choir leading as we sang our way some two kilometres to the Lukunga river. The service there was as orderly and impressive as any we have witnessed. There is evidence that talking about spiritual matters and explaining the meaning of ceremonies is not as valuable as witnessing, participating in spirit, as dramatization takes place. The example of one asking for restoration led others to examine themselves and find in their past something which needed equal correction. The baptismal service made a profound impression on many; the greater participation of lowly workmen in distributing communion and taking up the offering was a new assurance that we are serious in stressing the supreme value and importance of each individual soul before God and thus logically and inextricably so in the life of the church.

The greatest source of satisfaction in the new direction now possible to our Christian community here is the finer feeling of Christian fellowship which we all felt as we had

demonstrated that we were all one and equal in the bonds of Christian love expressing itself as the Church of Jesus Christ.

With our material we should have one of the best churches in Congo leading the way in demonstrating the working out of those things so dear and fundamental in the heart of the gospel.

A church of this quality will never be satisfied to be (as the natives said) "held in the prison of a few acres", comprising the E. P. I. campus. The wisdom which we hope will develop in the handling of our monies and their wise expenditure to advance the Kingdom of Heaven here and now may lead to some proposals which may require rethinking by some. Our decisions about matters troubling the church life of our Congo brethren we hope will be of such a nature as to become a model for others who seek help.

ELMER G. HALL

THE MAKINGS OF PEACE

Each Women's World Day of Prayer observed here at Kikongo Station is one of rejoicing as we see the growth which our women are making. It has not been very long since the first woman voiced a very timid prayer in public. It was even more recently that the first woman was able to read the Scripture. But this year, one of our own young married women was able to conduct the service, choosing those who would read the Scripture passages, and those who would lead in special prayer. Fifty printed programs had been ordered, with the thought that they would be more than sufficient for the number of literate women who would attend. It was a happy surprise to find that a larger number of programs could have been used.

However, it was not this surprising percentage of literacy that most impressed me during the service. The subject this year was "Peace", and as I looked at that group of about two hundred women, I could not help but think about the part that they would play in world peace. Just a small part, perhaps, but an important part.

As we approached the church we were delighted to find a

rather large group of Bahumbu women from Kunimbu village When I left for furlough, women from Kunimbu village were not greatly interested in the World Day of Prayer. We had not one Christian among them. The Bahumbu are the land owning tribe and are regarded as oppressers by the other tribes. Yet here was this group of a dozen or more women from a tribe whose name had been associated with strife rather than peace. What has happened? It must be that in the minds of some, at least, thoughts of the "Master Race" are disappearing. The makings of peace are here.

On one of the front benches sat Louise Lau, who was widowed while we were away. Her husband died very suddenly and mysteriously as they served as evangelists in a particularly difficult field. What was she doing at Kikongo so far from her own village? Why was she sitting there, a respected member of society a mother working in the maternity section of our hospital to support herself and her children? Why was't she in her own village being accused of causing her husband's mysterious death by witchcraft? Why wasn't she frantic with fear? Why should she have that look of peace? It must be she has found "Freedom from Fear".

I found Marie Mbanda on one of the center benches, and as I looked at her I marveled anew at God's grace. For so many years she had been a thorn in the flesh; a selfish, trouble-making pastor's wife who nearly ruined her husband's work. She had been so unhappy, and made others so very unhappy. Much prayer had been made on her behalf in years past. The prayers were answered and a changed life came into being. Instead of letting her selfishness spoil the lives of others, she was letting the Prince of Peace rule her life and make it a blessing to others.

Two women sat side by side, holding their babies on their knees. My eyes popped when I saw them. How could it be! Malandila and Nsasala sitting side by side at a prayer meeting! During the last days before my departure for furlough I had vainly tried to persuade them to be reconciled. Their quarrel had been so foolish, in our eyes, and yet no more foolish than many of the quarrels

which bring nations to war. They had refused to be reconciled and my heart was heavy as I left them, screaming their hatred at one another in the village street. But now I come back to find them reconciled, sitting side by side to pray for peace in the world. They could pray, because they had learned how to establish peace between themselves.

In a little group of three, in glaring contrast to the dark-skinned women on every side of them, sat the white women. One of us was a newcomer to Kikongo, Gertrude Anderson, for many years a missionary in Burma, insipires us by her courage. After having learned four or more Burmese tongues, she is enthusiastically putting herself to the task of learning a Congo language and accustoming herself to Congo climate. This has not been too easy when she arrived in the midst of the hot season, and almost immediately came down with a severe malarial fever and had the added discomfort of a most trying streptococcus skin infection. But she bubbles with enthusiasm and radiates courage. Her very approach to each day's problem is a reminder to us that "with God nothing shall be impossible"; not even peace between men.

So it was not hard to pray for peace. We could pray because we have proved that between individuals peace is obtainable. The answer to our prayer is the Prince of Peace. It is He who brought the "Master Race" to our service; it is He who gave Lau "Freedom from Fear"; it is He who made Mbanda's life one of peace where once it had been filled with strife; it is He who taught Malandila and Nsasala how to establish peace between themselves; it is He who gives each one of us the courage to pray and to live so that His Kingdom may be established and peace may come to the whole world.

VIOLA L. SMITH

LOOKING FIVE YEARS BACK AND FIVE YEARS FORWARD

It is a little more than five years since I left Congo. I didn't plan to stay in America that long but world conditions made it necessary. In my heart I treasure every year spent with our daughters. Facing life together with them gave me deep spiritual joy. Their friends and their problems were my problems. As much as was possible in their busy school life, we shared one another's ideas, ideals and hopes. No secrets marred our family circle.

As I look back five years I realize the deepest spiritual values have been created in our family relationships and in fellowship with Christian friends. In my heart I also treasure the friends we made among the young people. Because of our girls many came to our home, so our home was an "open house" to a number of them.

We spent last summer in Harlem, New York, with the Baptist summer service group. Quite a number of states were represented, even California. They came because they felt the need of doing something about the existing racial tensions. The white members were anxious to say by living and working in fellowship with the Harlem people that "not all white people are bad." We discovered too, that our Harlem friends had the same identical purpose in working with us. They were just as anxious to prove their human worth. We learned that the so-called white people have a mountain of prejudice to remove and that the Negro people too have a definite prejudice against the whites. Only the love of God and the brotherhood of Christ can help us heal this disease. We made many new contacts and we learned many new facts, but what we treasure most is the friends we've made. Other values disintegrate and fade away while friendship remains treasured above price.

We have been here a little over a month. Already we have visited old Banza Manteke, Banza Nkazi, Nlambazi Mpalabala. Next week we are starting out on an itinerary

to Lukunga, Much that I have seen of the work is admirable. The many baby clinics, dispensaries and regional schools out in the districts are very good. This week-end we enjoyed listening to the pastors of the twelve Banza Manteke churches. They were all in to talk over the work with my husband. Their spirit was excellent, really beautiful to behold.

It seems to me that the health and education of the people has improved, but in their economic life, I see less improvement. In their material surroundigs I find no appreciable change. My husband just read an article to me about a bishop in England who felt it was wrong to separate the visible values from the invisible because they are all necessary parts of life. I believe the material surroundings should help make the invisible spiritual life richer and more meaningful.

Most of the houses are not yet very good. Women still cook with smoke in their eyes. We have come a long way, but we still have a long way to go.

For the next five years I see much more to do than it is ever possible to accomplish. I want to try to make my contribution toward the improvement of their home surroundings, while also using every available opportunity to help establish Christian family relationship. Since the home is the key to most of our happiness we need to place the home in the center of our goals.

RUTH ENGWALL

I DIDN'T KNOW AFRICANS WERE BROWN

When I said good-bye to Mommie and Daddy in the Home in Granville I didn't know they were to be gone so long. When I said good-bye to Uncle Stan in Philadelphia I didn't know the journey was going to be so long.

The boat rocked so it broke a lot of dishes and Louise Anne and I couldn't play office under the wash bowl 'cause we were both in bed with funny feelings.

In Lisbon it was cold, and with no heat in the room I almost got pneumonia. But I got to hear a lot of "Por-

kagese" and see a castle. They wrapped me in a blanket and got me aboard a big plane with some other people I knew. I have lots of uncles and aunties. I said when I got to Kimpese: "Can't you put some of these aunties on the train? There are too many."

When we got to Robert's Field we had to stay there five days while the plane was being fixed. I saw some rubber trees.

We didn't have to sit in the same seat all the time in the plane for when some one else got up we went and sat in their place and looked out of another window.

When we got to Leopoldville I didn't know my mother 'cause she had a cloth wrapped around her head and she didn't look like herself. At Leopoldville I played on Minnie Jean's teeter-totter. The people in the Leopoldville church said that my hair hung down in my eyes like my father's. I saw the elephant and work shop he had made. One old lady made a big fuss over me and I told Mommie. "She's making too much of a nuisance."

Daddy came to meet me on the train at Cattier and gave me a gingerbread man with raisins for eyes. I like gingerbread "mans". We could eat this one for Daddy said that there was another one at home.

When we got to Kimpese there were so many folks to meet us that I couldn't remember them all. When we got to our house the first thing I saw was some Christmas presents for me that Santa Claus had left before. In Lisbon we had Christmas and Santa Claus gave me a lot of presents. What I call my "grandpers" is a pair of glasses without any glass in them. I can make trucks, tractors and all kinds of wagons with my Tinker Toys.

I thought I had better go back to Granville right at first for the sand flies bit me all the time, I got a bad cold and it was so hot and the mosquitoes were after me all the time.

But now I take my quinine every night which doesn't taste. My skin is so brown that only a bug once in awhile bites me I know all the paths and I am finding so much to interest me that I want to stay with Mother and Daddy.

I have my own tools in his work shop. I have my own sand pile. I am learning to like avocados. I like the bananas. When I play Indian a row of boys follows me and "copies" me. Daddy is making a playground for the little boys and girls. I couldn't go on the slide today for it's all greased. Some folks spoil my roads in the sand because I can't tell them in their language not to, but I know some words, like "ntondele beni" (thank you very much).

I didn't know the people in Africa were brown. I thought they were just like folks in Granville.

ROBERT (BOBBY) HALL

MY CONGO JOURNEY

I was born in Congo but went home when I was eighteen months old. So now nine years later, I don't remember anything about it.

When I got back to Congo, I found it was not just a waste jungle land but it has many clearings. I thought it had mostly palm trees, but it has many other trees.

I found that Leopodville has a cement runway built by the Amercan army. Leopodville is just like a small city in the United States.

My river journey was interesting too. The boat we went on from Leopodville to Coquilhatville was a Mississippi river boat. It has four decks, two of them are for white passengers one for the captain, and one for the Congolese. It holds nearly two hundred people. There are many sand bars on the river, as this is the season of low water. From Leopoldville to Bolobo, the country is hilly, from there to Coquilhatville it is flat and there are many islands in the river.

Our visit to Tondo lasted two weeks. Many of the natives were at the beach to meet us. The mission station of Tondo is on Lake Tumba and there is a beautiful view from the houses.

Our return trip to Leopoldville was by plane. The seats were smaller than those on the plane we came on from America. This was a Lockheed. We got to Leopoldville in two hours and by boat it takes four days.

We are now living at Leopoldville and Mother is teaching me my school work, but in July I expect to go to Lubondai where there is a Presbyterian Mission school for white children. I am very happy to be here in Congo with my parents and my younger brother Douglas.

DONALD BROWN

HOME AGAIN

As I look out on the station compound with all its palm trees and numerous scatterings of flowers, I think of the last time I was here, and what a joy it is to be back in my own country and with my people again. They have in the past spoken of me as their child and I hope they continue to do so.

We have already been visiting some of the villages. It has been pleasant to recall familiar faces, although I don't begin to remember them all. It is hard not to be able to talk freely with them as I used to, but I have forgotten much of the language in the six years of my absence. I am picking it up little by little and hope in time to speak Kikongo again.

The expression I have heard most from people is, "Yandi i mwana ndumba, wau," (She is a young lady, now). It is hard for them to conceive the changes six years can make in the life of a growing girl.

When I went to the United States the last time I was ten, but now that I am older I realize more the need we have out here, and hope that in some way I may help in the work which is so badly needed not only here, but all over the world. I would like to feel that we are all working in a fellowship together for the same cause. Now is the time to really live our Christianity in helping the world to right itself after the most horrible and heathen of all wars ever fought. If we ever expect this world to get on its feet again, I feel it is now that we as Christians should act. Now is the time which should determine whether we will have a Christian world of brotherhood or a world of continuous wars, which will undoubtedly happen, if we don't use Christian methods

in our dealing with all peoples, regardless of their race.

Here in Africa, we are working for a world in which there is true brotherhood of all nations and races, but how can we expect these people here to react to Christianity if we don't live it in our actions? When the African people start traveling to America and other countries and find themselves outcasts because of their color, can we blame them if they lose their faith in God and humanity? This is just what will probably happen unless conditions start making a change to more Christian ways soon. We will have the name, Christianity, but not the acts which are really the true Christian ways and should naturally go along with being a Christian.

Some of you may say, "Oh, she's only a young girl," but many of the future responsibilities will rest on the shoulders of us young people. It will be up to us to make it a world where everyone may live as one nation and one brotherhood, united through Christ.

CARYL ENGWALL

STATION NEWS

VANGA NEWS

News from Vanga? — Yes, we have news. In fact like all the rest of our stations there is more news than there is time to write it. But that excuse doesn't hold so here you are:—

It was the afternoon of December 16 that the angels, wisemen, and shepherds came to Vanga to pay tribute to the King of Kings. The hill above the beach was the scene of the coming and several hundred people from the nearby villages watched the school boy shepherds cook their evening meal, chat around the fire, and fall asleep only to be awakened by the voice of a school girl angel telling them,

"Do not fear", despite the fact that her own voice shook. After the shepherds had hurried to Bethlehem and presented their gifts, the wisemen appeared, coming down the hill, tired from their long journey but singing, "Oh, star of wonder, star of light." They too presented gifts and then as we sang, "Oh, come all ye faithful", we all marched to the manger to give our love offerings too.

Monday morning the school children left for home and at Christmas time they presented the pageant at their own churches. The offerings, amounting to over sixty dollars, were put into our *Kintuadi* (fellowship) fund, and are to be used to put teachers in some of our outpost villages in the newer church districts.

The missionary staff had the privilege of entertaining the Kikongo missionaries at Christmas time. Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong and Miss Gertrude Anderson, who had just arrived in Congo, shared with us the pleasure of carolling early Christmas morning, worshipping together at a short chapel service, and then partaking of a real Christmas dinner,roast duek with all the trimmings. Even the government helped us celebrate,the mail boat arrived just as we finished opening our last packages.

After our vacation we were ready to begin work again. Dr. Osterholm never did stop very long because you can't send patients home for a vacation. A full hospital, surgery three times a week, monthly trips to Kikongo or Moanza baby clinics, dispensary patients and other clinics keep both our doctor and Miss Dorothy Wiseman busy. About a month ago a premature baby was born at the hospital. Despite lack of facilities for special care, Dorothy and the *infirmiers* have managed to keep it alive. Dorothy wrapped it in cotton until it looked like a regular Eskimo doll. It is the tiniest baby I've ever seen. The *infirmiers* have been feeding it regularly with a medicine dropper. We hope that they will be able to save it.

Mr. Jump has been examining candidates for baptism. We try to keep the standard for church membership high, requiring each candidate to understand the principles of Christianity, to be a living witness for Christ, and to know

the Bible and Catechism. Thus far 1100 have been examined, and there are still seven of our fifteen posts to visit. Only a little over half of that number have passed all the requirements and have been baptized.

We were glad to be able to entertain Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Brown for a few days when they were enroute from Moanza to America. We were sorry of course that it had to be when they were on their way home, but we are glad to know that they have arrived in America. We hope they will enjoy their well-earned rest.

Miss Doris Wiseman, our educationalist, has been helping out at Moanza in the absence of the Browns and during the illness of Miss Shepard. We are looking forward to her return to Vanga in a week or two. During her absence Dorothy has been taking charge of the girls' dormitory problems while I have been trying to supervise the girls' school and afternoon school.

At present we are trying to keep up with forty teachers from our fifteen regional schools who are here on the station for an institute. We have classes in subject matter all morning and then in the afternoon have handwork and pedagogy classes. We use our afternoon school pupils as 'guinea pigs'. The other day we had the boys demonstrate the story of the Fiery Furnace. They did quite well, but when the soldier picked up Shadrach, threw him over his shoulder, and carried him off to the furnace, we couldn't help but lose some of our professorial dignity.

And so it goes at Vanga, work, lots of it, but work and people we love. We'll never be able to adequately express our appreciation of the native leadership,teachers, *infirmiers*, and pastors. Without them our troubles would be multiplied many times, and the harvest much smaller. But with them to work with us, troubles have a way of being solved and the rewards of service are beyond measure.

MARGARET JUMP

LEOPOLDVILLE NOTES

After several months of expectation we had the joy of welcoming Rev. & Mrs. H. D. Brown, Donald and Douglas on February 9th. Then Miss Meroe Morse arrived in March. She has come to help in the office at Leopoldville.

Charlotte and Minnie Jean are enjoying Donald and Douglas. They have learned a lot of new words and expressions that are quite different from what they have heard from English playmates. Even Danny-boy has found that it takes less effort to say "Hi!" than "good morning" or "hello".

We wish our friends a happy term of service and God's richest blessing as they take over the work.

* * *

I want to thank you all for the splendid way in which you have cooperated during the last four years in writing articles and news for the Congo News Letter. I know it has often been a real effort these last few years with our staff at the minimum. With the arrival of new missionaries and others back from furlough I hope you will continue to give Ethel Brown your best support; so that our little paper will become more interesting than it has ever been.

* * *

We are booked on the boat that leaves Matadi the first week in May. Our plans are to spend the summer in England with Harry's parents, whom he hasn't seen for eleven years, and then we plan to go to America for the winter.

LINDA WATKINS

WORLD DAY OF PRAYER

On Friday, March the eighth, in the morning, the women of the Leopoldville-Ouest Church met to join their prayers with the prayers of the women of the world for enduring world peace. The service was held in Sims Chapel on the bank of the Congo River. The seventy five girls in the Leopoldville - Ouest primary school marched over with their head teacher, Lubelo. They contributed a great deal to the service by singing several special songs. Mrs. H. Wakelin Coxill who has been here at Leopoldville for thirteen years was the speaker. Mrs. Coxill has been in charge of the women's work of the Congo Protestant Council and has worked with many of the native women here. We are all sorry to have her leave and a note of sadness crept into our service. When finally the service was over we knew we were one with our sisters around the world.

On March thirteenth, we held the World Day of Prayer service at Ngombe, the one village for which the station at Leopoldville is responsible. The women had already gathered together from the outlying districts when we arrived. The whole school sang for us, and the girls had one special song, too. Linda Watkins was the speaker. Since her furlough is due now, she said good-bye to the women after nearly five years of work with them. Woman after woman stood up and prayed for the suffering people around the world.

Truly if our Leopoldville experience of prayer is typical of the services around the world and we think it is, we women are one in the fellowship of prayer and in the bonds of Christian love.

PHYLLIS L. BENNER

HIS HANDS

The hands of Christ
Seem very frail,
For they were broken
By a nail.

But only they
Reach heaven at last
Whom these frail, broken
Hands hold fast.

—John Richard Moreland.

NEWS FROM OTHER STATIONS

After months of waiting at home for an opening in transportation whereby they could travel to the Mission Field, several of our missionaries have at last arrived in Congo. Rev. and Mrs. C. E. Smith and their son, Robert, having spent many weeks in Lisbon, trying to get passage to Congo, were able to get a plane which brought them here to Leopoldville the middle of February. They left in a few days by river steamer to go to Kikongo where they are so much needed to relieve over-burdened missionaries.

Early in March another plane arrived bringing a large party of Congo missionaries. Rev. and Mrs. T.E.Bubeck and Naomi, who have been at home for seven years, are again among us. It is with great joy for them and their colleagues and the Congo people whom they serve that we welcome them now to take up their work again at Moanza. There too they are very much needed to share in the work, since Rev. and Mrs. L.A. Brown had to leave for furlough on short notice on account of health, having left Leopoldville in February by plane. Also at Moanza, Miss Eva Shepherd is now recovering from a serious illness. We are glad she is regaining her strength and hope she will soon be back to normal.

On the same plane were Miss Vendla Anderson and Mrs. E.R. Abbott with Roger and Denis. These folks are at Sona Bata, Vendla to resume her supervision of the boarding schools and Mrs. Abbott to join her husband after nearly one year of waiting at home for an opportunity to get away from U. S. with the children.

Rev. and Mrs. Martin Engwall and Caryl arrived by boat at Matadi early in March, they too had been waiting in Lisbon for several weeks to get away. They are back at Banza Manteke where thay have spent many years. Their three older daughters are at home in the U.S. Miss Annis Ford was in the party which went to Lisbon and she travelled with the Engwalls by boat to Congo. A hearty welcome to her as she comes for the first time to Congo to share in the work

at Banza Manteke.

It was a real joy to see Bobby Hall, aged four, re-united with his parents after being at home for two years at the Fannie Doane Home in Granville, Ohio. He was entrusted to the Smiths of Kikongo who cared for him until he was able to get a place on the plane with the Browns, who delivered him to his parents here in Congo.

On the first of April Miss Marguerite Eldredge boarded the Pan American plane to go home for furlough. She arrived in New York after forty six and one half hours of travelling.

It is a great joy to see missionaries returning to the various stations and to see some new ones arriving. It brings relief to those already over-worked and helps to enlarge our plans for developing the Church of Christ in Congo. We covet the prayers and support of all who can thus share in this harvest field.

ETHEL D. BROWN

EASTER

Sing, soul of mine, this day of days,
The Lord is risen.
Toward the sun-rising set thy face,
The Lord is risen.
Behold He giveth strength and grace;
For darkness, light; for mourning, praise;
For sin, his holiness; for conflict, peace.

Arise, O soul, this Easter Day!
Forget the tomb of yesterday,
For thou from bondage art set free;
Thou sharest in His victory
And life eternal is for thee
Because the Lord is risen.

Author Unknown.

CONGO MISSION DIRECTORY

Listed in order of arrival on field or at station — present term

BANZA MANTEKE

Miss Mary Bonar
Miss Esther Ehnbom R.N.
Rev. and Mrs. M. S. Engwall
Miss Annis Ford

KIKONGO

Rev. and Mrs. B. W. Armstrong
Miss Gertrude Anderson
Rev. and Mrs. C. E. Smith

KIMPESE

Rev. and Mrs. E. G. Hall
Rev. and Mrs. H. Erickson

LEOPOLDVILLE

Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Watkins
Rev. Phyllis Benner
Rev. and Mrs. H. D. Brown
Miss Meroe Morse

MOANZA

Miss Alice Jorgenson R.N.
Miss Eva Shepard
Rev. and Mrs T. E. Bubeck

SONA BATA

Rev. and Mrs. R. Metzger
Miss Muriel Jennings (B.M.S.)
Dr. and Mrs. G. W. Tuttle
Miss Vendla Anderson
Rev. and Mrs. E. R. Abbott

VANGA

Miss Dorothy Wiseman R.N
Dr. A. C. Osterholm
Miss Doris Wiseman
Rev. and Mrs. C. Jump

ON FURLOUGH OR EN ROUTE

Rev. and Mrs. E. Atkins
Miss Mildred Tice R.N.
Mrs. A. C. Osterholm
Dr. and Mrs. H. M. Freas
Rev. Ruth Dickey
Miss Agnes Anderson R.N.
Miss Emily Satterberg R.N.
Miss Grace Cooper
Rev. and Mrs. W.F. Robbins
Rev. and Mrs. L. A. Brown
Miss Marguerite Eldredge